Volume LXXVIII CHICAGO, October 19, 1916 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

Lo—to the battle-ground of Life,
Child, you have come, like a conquering shout,
Out of a struggle—into strife;
Out of a darkness—into doubt.

Girt with the fragile armor of Youth,
Child, you must ride into endless wars,
With the sword of protest, the buckler of truth,
And a banner of love to sweep the stars.

About you the world's despair will surge;
Into defeat you must plunge and grope—
Be to the faltering an urge;
Be to the hopeless years a hope!

Be to the darkened world a flame;
Be to its unconcern a blow—
For out of its pain and tumult you came,
And into its tumult and pain you go.

—*Louis Untermeyer*

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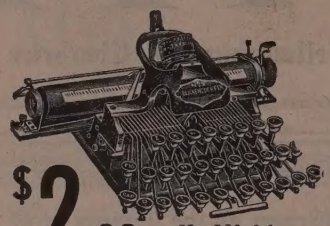

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXVIII THURSDAY OCTOBER 19, 1916. Number 7

Though the evening comes with slow steps and has signaled for all songs to cease;
Though your companions have gone to their rest and you are tired;
Though fear broods in the dark and the face of the sky is veiled;
Yet, bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings.

That is not the gloom of the leaves of the forest, that is the sea swelling like a dark black snake.
That is not the dance of the flowering jasmine, that is flashing foam.
Ah, where is the sunny green shore, where is your nest?
Bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings.

The lone night lies along your path, the dawn sleeps behind the shadowy hills.
The stars hold their breath counting the hours, the feeble moon swims the deep night.
Bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings.

There is no hope, no fear for you.
There is no word, no whisper, no cry.
There is no home, no bed of rest.
There is only your own pair of wings and the pathless sky.
Bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

The Champion Magazine, is the name of a new venture published at 4724 South State Street, Chicago. It is a monthly survey of negro achievement, edited by Fenton Johnson. It is a well-printed pamphlet of 64 pages. The October number, the second issued, contains much informing matter, well presented and effectively illustrated. William H. Ferris writes well on the passing of the colored politician, and he has also given an appreciative interpretation of the *Negro Year Book,* which gives unquestioned evidence that the Negro is evolving a literature and making a place for himself in the ranks of the cultured, or to use the word of increasing use, the Intellectuals.

Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee, has outlived the spectacular era in the higher education of colored people, and we fear has in some quarters worn out the enthusiasm on the part of the "friends of the colored man." It has settled down to the slow but sure work of an educational institution, and appeals now to the friends of humanity, the advocates of advanced education, irrespective of color. It has justified the highest claims of those who believe in the educability of the human mind, irrespective of color, race, or national distinctions. The *Fisk University News* for October is an attractive monthly, full of good reading matter, and we wish it might reach the homes of those who are in danger of being imprisoned in their own prosperity, hardened by their own anxiety for their own "dear children, don't you know."

The proceedings of the Second General Conference of the "Hebrew Christian Alliance of America" is before us, containing papers and addresses read at this meeting which was held at the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. The anxiety of certain zealous Christians to convert the Jews to Christian formulas and creeds is one of the many adventures more commendable for their good will than for their good judgment. In the present condition of Christianity, we wonder if there is not greater need for an organization for Hebraising the Christian than for Christianizing the Hebrew. A vigorous injection of the Hebrew prophets into the so-called Christian life of Christendom would be an achievement pleasing to the Nazarene, and a splendid re-enforcement of the apostles who are far more nearly allied to Isaiah and Micah than to Augustine or Calvin. Let us try to Judaize our Christianity and in the process find an easier way to Christianize the Jews.

There was much in connection with the organization of the Department of Public Welfare of the City of Chicago and the appointment of the commissioner by the present administration not to the liking of the independent citizen and those who are trying to separate public welfare and municipal righteousness from partisan schemes and the manipulation of politicians. But there is something refreshing in the attractive bulletin before us, issued by the "Department of Public Welfare of the City of Chicago," with a woman's name as commissioner. The third serial number is given to a survey of social comfort stations, with instructive illustrations of what has been achieved in other cities, European and American. Louise Osborn Rowe is the commissioner, and Valeria D. McDermott is Editor. In the announcement of the October meeting of the Social Service Club, the names of three women and one man appear on the program. Thus quietly but surely the women are moving into the City Hall, and taking possession of the jobs designed

by nature and civilization for them. We hope they'll not move in so fast as to interfere with the process of selection. We'd rather have the wrong man than the wrong woman on the "job" just now.

And now the Macmillan enterprising publishing house is visiting upon the head of the innocent children a "five-foot shelf" of "best literature." May Heaven forfend! It is bad enough to have such a shelf thrown at the heads of the older ones. The MacMillan's do things well, and we have no reason to distrust the wisdom and sagacity of the editorial committee which includes a "Professor of Philosophy and Religion," the "Dean of a Theological School," and a "Professor of Practical Theology," whatever that may mean. Noting the list of the "More Notable Sources" from which the selections are to be taken, we are re-assured. The various "ways" of rivers, lakes, mountains, stars, etc., illuminated with material reaching from the Bible through Socrates to Louise Alcott, will challenge the attention of the elders if not of the children. We hope that it will supplant some of the fascinating dangers to childhood which are in the catalogues under the head of "Juvenile Literature." This invention of the last quarter of the nineteenth century is largely accountable, we fear, for the indifference and consequent ignorance of "literature" on the part of the favored children of our boulevards and avenues. Much good work is done in saving the child from "bad literature." Much good work needs to be done in saving the child from the temptations of "good children's books" and easy reading for youths. Notwithstanding this, we wish "The King's Highway" series a fair test.

Free Poland, a semi-monthly publication in Chicago has a strange fascination for the Editor of UNITY, as it appears in the file of exchanges. "Poor Poland," we say. Perhaps we had better save our sympathies and say "Poor Prussia" or "Poor Russia," or whatever powers are responsible for the partition of that virile country, that brave people. Here, as elsewhere, the conquered are more favored by the genius of history than the conquerors. Better be an aspiring and homesick Pole than a complacent, fat, and cruel manipulator of Poles. In the number at hand, October first, we are first startled and then ashamed of our surprise to learn that Kosciuszko made the first contribution to a negro educational fund in America of which we have any account. On the eve of his deportation from America, he set aside a sum of $16,000 "to be devoted to the education of negroes," and Thomas Jefferson was named as an administrator. It matters not that Thomas Jefferson, for some reason or other, failed to qualify, and that the heirs contested the will, and that the ultimate solution of the perplexity is apparently unknown. Enough to know at this time that this champion of democracy was perforce the foe of slavery, and the champion of the despised. The words of the will, which are here given, are commendable to those who are trying to bring their religion and their politics down to date. The whole fund was to be employed, according to the words of its founder,

> "In purchasing Negroes and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trade or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or mothers, husbands or wives, in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good order of society, and in whatever may make them happy and useful."

The Illinois Unitarians are in session this week in the 42nd meeting at Geneseo, Illinois. They are discussing the general question of "The Church as a Generator of Religious Experience." The program offers outlines for discussion reinforced by citations taken largely from the writings of William James. But few will be able to attend these discussions, led by Reverends M. Rowena Mann, E. C. Smith, R. W. Boynton, W. H. Pulsford, A. R. Vail, F. V. Hawley, and others, so we append the committee's outline of the discussion. It will be good for home consideration. All those interested in church life and the material it concerns itself with will do well to go into special session wherever they are, and discuss the following "Thoughts":

1. That there is a religious spirit latent in every man which, if released, will exercise an uplifting and transforming influence on his life.

2. That this spirit fails of adequate expression today, partly because of its association with old beliefs which are no longer believable.

3. That the religious spirit is not dependent on those beliefs; or, indeed, on any intellectual theories, but is itself an original and primary faculty, the main cause of the theories which are proposed to account for and support it.

4. That the main function is to enable man to take a right attitude toward the Great Life, of which he is a part, to be loyal to it, and to be brave, strong, faithful, and loving, in the face of those aspects of the Life which present themselves to him.

5. That a church is a group of people associated together for the purpose of helping each other in the release and cultivation of the religious spirit, in the acquirement of religious experience, and in the development of the religious consciousness, to the end that they may control the inward attitude and lead to courage, confidence, power and faith.

6. That the business of this conference is to discuss the nature of this religious spirit and experience which we seek, its place and function in the lives of men and women; and, especially, what the modern church may do by teaching, by training, by adoption of a technique, a method, a curriculum, or of any other exercise, means, or inspiration, that will aid in the development and guidance of the religious spirit, and in the strengthening and conscious control of our inner powers.

The Perplexities of an Independent

Only the easy going voter, the party disciplined citizen, makes a simple problem of the responsibilities that are bearing down upon the American citizen with the election of November 7th. The man or woman who knows that he or she is Republican or Democrat, and that is the end of it, has a soft snap of it. He or she can be dismissed as not amenable to argument and the reasons for their action are venerable, familiar and as available as canned goods. With such voters it is a yes or no, it is black or white. Of course to such voters all the virtues and reforms, the prosperities and achievements, are bound up with the success of the favorite candidate. But it is also true that the pre-election clearness of the minds of such voters grows cloudy and confused immediately after the election, and whether they have succeeded or have failed, they recover a degree of rationality and begin to realize that the candidates, instead of being black and white, were both of them decidedly gray.

To the Independent voter election brings no easy task. He knows that the issues outlined in the platforms have been formulated for campaign purposes only. He knows that there have been many things to regret in the present administration, and that there are many promises being made by the opposing candidates that are scarcely worth the paper they are printed on. Such a voter is ashamed of the ungracious personalities indulged in and is sorry for the intellectual conditions that permit the voter to believe implicitly, or at least to accept for electioneering purposes, the abuse of one and the praise of the other candidate.

How is the Independent voter who hates war, who is ashamed of the prosperity that follows in the wake of munition makers for commercial purposes only, who believes that war is the sum of all villainies, that no wrong is righted or insult atoned for by the killing of innocent people, how is he to vote at the coming election? What is the man who is astounded at the reckless provisions of the last Congress for a notable army and an unparalleled navy to do? How is such a man to vote, while the representatives of both parties are vieing with each other for this notoriously foolish ante-election legislation? What are men and women to do who look with apprehension upon this attempt to militarize the United States, familiarize the coming generations to military arms and armored men which up to the present time, to the admiration and envy of European people, the United States has been free from? What are they going to do on the 7th of November? There are mothers who say with the Baroness von Suttner, "We are tired of raising sons to be shot;" there are fathers who say, "We have no sons to spare in defending the prosperity of adventurous capitalists in foreign lands." Whom are they going to vote for? There are thoughtful students of history, ancient and modern, scrupulous investigators into the conditions of government and the technical demands of democracy, who go behind campaign speeches and who read between the lines of yellow flamed editorials and truth defying dispatches in the daily papers. What are they going to do next election time? There are those who believe that no destruction of human lives, particularly innocent lives, can bring back a single lost passenger of the lamented Lusitania, and that no invasion of foreign soil, no, not even the shooting of the guilty ones, will assuage the grief of those whose firesides were bereaved by the bandit raid at Columbus, Arizona.

But enough. We have only tried to state some of the perplexities that beset the conscientious voter and to express our sympathy with those who are prayerfully trying to find the ballot that will do the most to advance peace, to carry into the presidential chair academic poise, democratic sympathies, prophetic vision.

The voters we have in mind are those who have their eyes cast toward the future, who realize that whichever candidate they vote for will be gray and not black, nor yet white; that whichever candidate they vote for has been connected with regrettable events and guilty of serious mistakes, and that whatever candidate he votes against will have many admirable qualities and has committed himself to high issues.

Such a voter will also realize that it is easier to choose the man than it is his environment, antecedents and commitments. Both candidates are enmeshed in a political web woven in the looms of politicians and the capitalists who pervert and at times purchase for money damnable things.

Hats off! Bowed heads! A moment of silent prayer! The conscientious, independent American voters, men and women, are trying to decide whom they will vote for on November 7th.

YOU WHO LIE AWAKE AT NIGHT.

You who lie awake o'night, listening the rain,
Know, mayhap, it falls more light where you eased pain.
You, who long awake have been, harkening the wind,
Know you that it falls less keen, where you were kind?
You who watch with midnight keep, tears and tempests wild,
Somewhere one hath softer sleep, because you smiled.
You, who tryst with darkness hold, hush o'night have proved,
Somewhere falls the snow less cold, because you loved.

—*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

THE PULPIT

A Psalm of the Inner Life—XXIII.

II.

The Rod and Staff Discipline

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 15, 1916.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

Prayer.

Open our hearts this morning, Father, that we may comprehend the deeper meaning of life; that we may get some intimation of the distinctions between things transient and things permanent. We would yield our minds and our hearts to Thee that the tuition of the ages may find us and the discipline of life may grow more clear. Help us to realize, O Father, that Thy ways are in the dark, that Thy thoughts are not our thoughts, but that we are sheltered in Thy breast, guided by ways we know not of toward the light and into the life of the spirit, which is the life of thought, the life of love, the life of duty.

We thank Thee for the disciplines of life; the hard frosts of winter as well as the balmy breezes of summer which help clothe the earth with beauty. And so, through the chills of pain and disappointment, as well as the smile of appreciation and the encouragement of companionship, lead us ever nearer and nearer to Thee, the infinite justice, the all-embracing love, the unlimited permanence. Amen.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." "Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Let us try to think ourselves a little deeper into the heart of the great Psalm of the inner life.

What of the rod and the staff? The word here rendered "rod," the scholars tell us, is allied to the word "scepter," the kingly badge of office, the mace of the ruler. It is that which has in it an element of coercion. It is the symbol of power. The thought in bringing together so closely the rod and the staff, the authority and the consolation, seems to be that where persuasion fails compulsion enters, where we refuse to follow, we are driven, where joy and pleasure and love prove inadequate, then some kind of an overruling destiny seizes us. Whether we will or no, we are swung into the ways designed in the mind and heart of the Infinite.

Let me beg nothing, not even the faith, trust and piety of the faithful who have found consolation and comfort in these words throughout the ages.

It is not hard for the scientific mind to read the providence of the rod into personal experience. We know perfectly well that when reason and love fail, then the grim revelations of the sick room compel man to abandon the path of evil. There is a compulsion in the human body itself that makes for sobriety. The glutton hastens his own defeat. The selfish man bargains for his own exile. The cruel man deprives himself of the efficiency of his cruelty in one way or another. There is a scepter that overrules the will of men in the private experiences of life. You and I have felt the power of that scepter more than once when the rod has fallen upon the back and left its welt upon the heart of the wayward and the lawless.

It is harder to read the lesson of the scepter into our corporate and communal life, but it is there. It is certainly there. Cities who, boastful of commercial preeminence, proud in their industrial triumphs and spirit, flaunt their statistics to prove their prosperity and attractiveness, daily defeat themselves by pandering to low appetites, by winking at coarse violations, and sooner or later, in hamlet or metropolis, through the overruling of that scepter of the universe of law and order and communal justice, they learn that freedom and purity alone wait on progress.

I cannot refrain from taking a home illustration at this time. Some of you remember with me when, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a street in this city was so steeped in dissipation, so lost to decency, so notorious in its vulgarity, that the property owners thereof and those who tried to do business on it, sought a short cut out of the disgraces of that thoroughfare. They appealed to the common council to relieve them from the odium of the name, a name that had become a scandal in the city and out of it, so "Wells Street," bearing a noble, historic name, was voted a name which carried no opprobrium, "Fifth Avenue." I know not what the conclusion of the property owners on the old Wells Street may be about that change of name, yet every intelligent citizen of Chicago must smile or blush with shame over the attempt to cut across lots, circumvent destiny, defy the scepter of the Universe, by trying to make that street respectable by resolution of the common council instead of declaring that the reproach was to be lifted by renovating the street itself and trying to wash clear its business houses.

But in these very days we are told that there is another petition before the common council, or soon will be, asking it to extend the vandalism across the river and convert "North Clark Street" into "North Fifth Avenue," that real estate may be enhanced twenty-five per cent in value—so they say. I am not going to argue that situation. It is a lamentable fact that there is such a commercial standard of doing business on any street in Chicago that would violate the sanctities of history by removing from the city's map the honored name of Lieutenant Wells, who gave his life in the Indian massacre that women and children might be saved. This they would do that real estate values may be increased or that vice may be concealed under a colorless name.

And now a movement has been announced that would wipe from the map of Chicago the great name of Clark, he who, with his comrade, Lewis, blazed the way across the Rockies and found, without the shedding of blood or the loss of life by violence, a transcontinental path for human civilization, one of the greatest achievements in geographic exploration in the history of the world. Lo and behold! Chicago would wipe the name of Clark from all the lampposts and put "Broadway" instead, a name that only invites humiliating contrasts—an echo of New York City. It is useless to say that neither the name Broadway nor Fifth Avenue will raise the price of real estate on these streets if they persist in abandoning themselves to dissipation and vulgarity. It is equally unnecessary to say that no name, however prosaic or meaningless, can hold down prosperity or the promotion of business by the acute skill of honest and honorable men attuned to enterprise and noble adventure. There is in

the affairs of home and of city a rod that overrules,—overrules the improvidence of men.

I cannot evade a step further. This rod of history is the symbol of that same inexorable order established in the physical domains of Nature, which is made clear in the revelations of the laboratory and the observatory, obtaining in the long events of time. However wayward, lawless and selfish the adventurer may be, there is that which, without his consent, uses him in the interest of those things that pertain to justice and order and harmony.

Alexander died in a debauch at thirty-two, having conquered the world, leaving behind him a trail of desolation. But without reckoning with him, there followed also in his trail, strewn with the ashes of burnt homes and ruined cities, another trail of Greek language and culture, the achieved wisdom of the classic world which made the ambitious conqueror a forerunner of universal religion, of international fellowship.

Cæsar undertook to establish a world empire. The claim was high. His disappointment and defeat are commonplaces of history, but behind his sword was the Roman law, which stayed when the Roman eagles fled, and today Roman jurisprudence is the basis of all modern laws and modern governments.

Peter the Great relentlessly sacrificed a hundred thousand lives or more in building the great city in the quagmire, a city, it is said, whose foundations reach deeper into the mud than its spires into the air, but the city that he founded became a citadel of art and refinement and inspiration, not yet come into full bloom, but it already bears the name of Tolstoy and his associates in its triumphs.

Is there not a rod, not of man's forging, that does shape the destinies of nations as of individuals, and compels obedience to the laws of justice and liberty, that is as fundamental as the law of gravitation?

The earlier Jew not inaptly conceived Jehovah as a king. Doubtless his conception was that of a royal personage sitting upon a throne and enforcing his will by compulsion if persuasion failed.

But we read in this text, "Thy rod and Thy staff, *they comfort me.*"

Discipline is a word indispensable to the pedagogue and as indispensable to the sociologist. It is necessary in the home and nation as in the school room. Woe betide the home when it is not found in the heart and in the hand of father and mother. Alas for the child that has never felt the firm hand of disciplining parents. The rod of authority can never be dispensed with in the modern home without injury to the child. No pampered indulgence, no upholstered gentleness and pity will do for the child what the stern word, the strong hand of the overruling parent should do.

Discipline comes by heat and pressure in the school room and in the home just as truly as it comes in the rolling mill. By heat and pressure is the crude iron converted into steel and anon into the hairspring of my watch, which is iron in its perfected form. The iron that unforged is worth one and a half cents a pound, in the hairspring of the watch is worth over $1,000 a pound, and it all comes by heat and pressure; the discipline of the rolling mill, out of the wisdom of the iron master who has not created a single new element; he has but discovered the law of iron; he has been enabled to hitch his rolling mill and all its appliances onto the great mechanism of the universe. He has carried it on a little further than the master mechanic of the universe, who has revealed his will in the mine where the rusty ore is found and put it into the hand of man and said, "Here it is. Take counsel of me, be tutored by my methods, discover my will, and this crude iron ore will become a hairspring for your watch." Neglect one condition, ignore a single link in this divine chain of cause and effect, and the iron drops out of your hands and the possibility of the hairspring is broken forever. There is a compulsion in nature. There is that which overrules wayward man.

There are some interesting considerations by the way in this study of the "rod" as the scepter of a king on his throne. But science has lifted the "throne" above our finite conception and the universe is none too large for his royal exaltation.

The scepter is terribly impartial, forever oblivious to man made distinctions. Tuberculosis seizes the mother with a babe at her breast as relentlessly as does the bandit behind his murderous mask. There is nothing between the fell hand that loosens the bomb from the aeroplane to fall upon the innocent father at his fireside, and the instigator of this hatred across the street, the source of the bitterness. Providence is awfully impartial.

This providence again is never in a hurry. Half of our quarrels with destiny are born out of our impatience, we do not wait upon the slow swing of the divine pendulum which in the fullness of time strikes the hour of justice, or, at least, overrules the follies of men. God works not by human calendars, He takes not note of the hour of the day; but something reveals itself so that even finite man may read the lesson in the inscriptions of the centuries.

Again, this dominant power that wields an overruling scepter keeps accurate accounts. Its system of bookkeeping is superb in its justice. It will not give the reward that comes through good digestion if you insult your stomach. It will not furnish any one with strong limbs and clear eyes if the condition of strong limbs and clear eyes has been violated. It does not reward moral virtue and physical sins by moral and physical health unless the conditions of health are obeyed. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Violated laws shall be avenged in the fullness of time.

"They comfort me."

What about the "comfort"? There is comfort in a mother's caress. Is there not comfort in the father's restraining hand? Is there not comfort to the shepherded flock? Is there not comfort to him who feels that when his human arm fails, his will becomes powerless, the righteous cause will be taken care of by the infinite arm that knows not weakness nor age, and is not subject to the mistakes of well meaning but blundering hands.

"By his stripes are we healed." "Under the shadow of his wings do we find shelter." "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." All these are echoes of the old Hebraic faith that builded better than it knew and reached farther than the uttermost confines of Israel. This faith is as justified of the philosopher, the philanthropist and the explorer of today as it was to the great psalm singers of Israel.

I have been reading again this week with new admiration and wonder some of the words and more of the triumphs of Helen Keller, she who was blessed with mountainous obstacles, she who, surrounded by what would seem an unscalable wall that would forever keep her in the pent house of silence and darkness, yet overcame all obstacles and has sung in her "Chant of Darkness" the lesson which I would fain teach this morning. With a rhythm that is marvelous, when we remember that her notes were struck in the silence where the melody of accent or the rhythm of syllables could not be heard, she writes:

"Once in regions void of light I wandered;
In blank darkness I stumbled,
And fear led me by the hand;
My feet pressed earthward,
Afraid of pitfalls.
By many shapeless terrors of the night affrighted
To the wakeful day
I held out beseeching arms.

Then came Love, bearing in her hand
The torch that is the light unto my feet,
And softly spoke Love: "Hast thou
Entered into the treasures of darkness?
Hast thou entered into the treasures of the night?
Search out thy blindness. It holdeth
Riches past computing."

The words of Love set my spirit aflame.
My eager fingers searched out the mysteries,
The splendors, the inmost sacredness, of things,
And in the vacancies discerned
With spiritual sense the fullness of life;
And the gates of Day stood wide.

I am shaken with gladness;
My limbs tremble with joy;
My heart and the earth
Tremble with happiness;
The ecstasy of life
Is abroad in the world.

Knowledge hath uncurtained heaven;
On the uttermost shores of darkness there is light;

Midnight hath sent forth a beam!
The blind that stumbled in darkness without light

Behold a new day!
In the obscurity gleams the star of Thought;
Imagination hath a luminous eye,
And the mind hath a glorious vision."

What a confession of gladness and joy to come from that soul that up to the ninth year was simply that of a poor, whining, rebellious brute, more akin to the dog than the anxious mother who shed bitter tears over her helpless child. The story of her awakening as given by herself, and by that marvelous maker of soul, her teacher, Miss Sullivan, fathoms the mystery of providence more profoundly than any word of mine can. Oh, that "awful day" that both pupil and teacher speak of when the battle royal was fought to the bitter end. The battle waged severely between the poor blind, deaf and dumb child and the seeing, hearing, long suffering teacher. Father and mother withdrew, for the awful conflict was more than they could bear, and then, as the fight went on, the father could stand it no longer. There must be an end. He interceded. No child of his could be treated this way or denied food. The battle would have been lost if the wise teacher had not made it a condition for fighting longer after the soul of the imprisoned child, that she might withdraw for at least two weeks the sightless child beyond the reach of the interference of the mother and father. It was a fight with the universe, it was a question of whether the soul would surrender to the condition. In other words, it was a problem of discipline, the problem of the "rod." More unfortunate than Helen Keller, without ears and without eyes, is the child that is born into a home that has never known the guiding hand of an overruling intelligence, that has never been compelled to yield to the divine conditions of growth and study. Chicago avenues and boulevards teem with children that are cursed by over-indulgence, children whose futures are menaced and perchance their careers destroyed because the "rod" of the eternal has never found co-operation in the magnanimous and loving rod of the wise father and the wise mother. I do not say the "kind" father, the "kind mother." I do not even speak of the "loving father," the "loving mother," for love unsustained by judgment, and tenderness untempered by wisdom defies the eternal and invites the castigation of the scepter of the Most High.

"By His stripes are we healed," aye, by His staff also. Let me not omit the "staff," the re-enforcement that comes to the chastened spirit, the strength that waits upon the weak, the potency of the helpless.

Milton, in his blindness, wrote the great sonnet which reached the central principle of human experience, when he says:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Shelley, out of tortured nerves and fevered brain, caught the secret of the poets:

They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Chadwick meant the same thing when he speaks of the

Things that hurt and things that mar
Shape the man for perfect praise:
Shock and strain and ruin are
Friendlier than the smiling days.

There is a staff upon which the thinker leans as much as does the loving heart; the head as well as the heart trusts the universe and abides by its decision.

This is a lesson that we may all learn in these pre-election days when we are so anxious lest, yielding to judgment, "we throw away a vote." We fear that in being loyal to the long demands of time, we may injure our prospects and our successes for the day.

There is no sadder indication of the low levels upon which we live, the unillumined and sordid savagery which still lurks beneath the thin veneer of our culture and civilization, than our interpretations of trouble. The things we dread so frantically, labor so hard to avoid, the begrudging way in which we withhold our sympathies and support from the things that are most worth while, our stolidity in the presence of the real dangers of life, are lamentable, while at the same time we are begging to avoid the fancied troubles that come from the lower forces.

How closely, indeed, is the commercial horizon scanned in these days; how frantic we grow over the prospect of a collapse in business, of a loss in trade, of a decrease in income and a depreciation of stocks. How insolent to the spirit is the argument drawn from "full dinner-pails," extended railroads and the growing aggregation of bank deposits, as if these alone, now, or at any other time, warded away trouble or measured joy. As if "prosperity" narrowly interpreted was synonymous with the serenity of the individual life, or spelled the benignity of the comunity,

or was the promise of a beatific future. It is the obvious truth that in the life of the community, as of the State, real trouble comes only from the lowering of ideals, from the debauching of the spirit, from the degradation of the heart and the confusion of mind. Real troubles come from the blunting of human sensibilities, from the weakening and then the severing of the ties that bind the soul to its ideal, heart to heart and all to that which, for want of a better name, we call God.

When we take into our hearts these larger problems, these greater dangers, these mighty duties, how petty and mean are our selfish whinings about our own aches and pains, whether they be of stomach or purse. We should be glad to pay the price, to yield our backs to receive the stripes that we ourselves have bargained for, that thereby we may win at last the right to lean upon the staff that is adequate to support us in the darkest trial and the severest ordeal. Then indeed we can sing as we go cheerily on our pilgrimage through the Valley of Baca to Salem, the Mountain of Peace.

'Yea, verily, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

May Thy peace, Father, come as we seek Thy paths. May Thy blessed way reveal itself to our view that, following it, Thy will may be done in our individual lives, our homes, our city, country and world. Amen.

THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE.

The groping spires have lost the sky,
  That reach from Termonde town;
There are no bells to travel by,
  The minster chimes are down.
It's forth we must, alone, alone,
  And try to find the way;
The bells that we have always known,
  War broke their hearts today.

They used to call the morning
  Along the gilded street,
And then their rhymes were laughter,
  And all their notes were sweet.

I heard them stumble down the air
  Like seraphim betrayed;
God must have heard their broken prayer
  That made my soul afraid.
The Termonde bells are gone, are gone,
  And what is left to say?
It's forth we must, by bitter dawn,
  To try to find the way.

They used to call the children
  To go to sleep at night;
And then their songs were tender
  And drowsy with delight.

The wind will look for them in vain
  Within the empty tower,
We shall not hear them sing again
  At dawn or twilight hour.
It's forth we must, away, away,
  And far from Termonde town,
But this is all I know today—
  The chimes, the chimes are down!

They used to ring at evening
  To help the people pray,
Who wander now bewildered
  And cannot find the way.

In Atlantic Monthly. —*Grace Hazard Conkling.*

The Pacifist Principles

The most momentous subject of our thought is the great war from which the whole world is suffering, the innocent with the guilty. May I take this time to call the earnest attention of my friends to the fundamental principles which underly all our social relations, the appreciation of which earlier would have made this war impossible, and the understanding and immediate use of which are the essential conditions of so concluding the war that such hideous, cruel and needless suffering may never occur again.

In this time of the stress and excitement of tremendous war in Europe every one needs to understand clearly what the ideals, and especially what the practical working principles are, which our religion urges upon us. We do not want to forsake our religion and go back with the rush of a crowd to paganism. Neither do we like to be called "visionaries," as if we had no eyes to see the startling facts amidst which we live. It is no wonder if every interest of civilization seems at first to suffer a lapse in such a period as this.

Shall we let ourselves be called "pacifists?" It is not quite a popular word just now. There is the more need to know what it means. It is the outcome of the famous beatitude. It is not written: "Blessed are the lovers of peace." This might cover cowards and idlers. The word is "peace-*makers*." The emphasis is important. The world finds a glamor about war, because it is dramatic; "something is doing." We have no interest in peace, as a state where nothing happens. Now, when you make, or create peace, as you create music, a poem, a temple, a State, a civilization, something does happen. To make peace is dramatic construction, while war is destruction and death. War settles nothing; it only puts down the weaker party.

We steer quite clear now of the bogey, which they call "peace at any price," if they mean by that any low price. You cannot get it so if you try. Like all splendid constructive work it costs courage and enterprize.

To come at once to our positive statement, we seek substantial civilization. We work for a world where men live not as animals, or savages, but as grown up men. Greed, arrogance, prejudice, divide men, but we will not be content to be divided. Our common humanity, our science, our art and the great literature, our fundamental religion, and even the oceans and the mountains unite us. Our divisions and hostilities are absurd and needless. We believe that co-operation and union are the objects of our destiny. We do not merely idly wish to attain this; we will to attain it. We are bound so to live as to attain it.

Moreover, we hold that the time has come to expect real civilization in place of the crude and raw thing that has so far mostly prevailed. We grant that the time has been when men, like boys, did not know what to do, except to fight, to defend and to avenge themselves. We repudiate the idea that we are still so stupid and fiendish as not to be able to do better than to quarrel and hate and fight and take revenge. Is the boasted religion of Christendom good for nothing at all? Has it no kernel of saving life in it?

Next, we believe in the use of force, yes, of physical force, on occasion. We enter into no futile arguments over the academic question of "non-resistance."

Thus, we restrain a young child from hurting himself or others; and we kindly but firmly take a drunken man, or a burglar, or a maniac into custody, and may even be obliged to confine him for life, if he continues to be dangerous. But we draw a distinction between crude or wild force, rushing like a torrent to waste or destruction, and the same force, guided by intelligence and sympathy. We do not wish to lessen anyone's sense of justice, or his discrimination between right and wrong, or even his native indignation at outrage and cruelty. But we do need to apply the great dynamo of sympathy and humanity, so as to translate this raw force, which rushes wilfully towards violence, punishment and vengeance, into efficient light and heat and lifting power. We can and must do this, to our "righteous indignation" and blame will work harm to ourselves and to others, perpetuating the hate and cruelty. As soon as anyone sees the immense distinction between blind passion striking back to retaliate, and the friendly will eager to cure and save and to forbid the recurrence of evil; as soon as we recall that we ourselves who demand justice are also men of like nature with those against whom we complain, that Americans, for example, are more like Germans than different from them, and that our own national record is not clear of shame; as soon as we see that what we wish is to change wrong-doers into useful citizens and neighbors, to convert enemies into friends, there will henceforth be the least possible need to use physical force; there will always be some ingenious and persuasive means in plain sight at every turn of our road, infinitely better than compulsion and fighting.

In other words, we believe in the higher and spiritual forms of force, in the intelligent use of which physical force is only an incident and exception. We hold that already the moral force of public opinion, and not the fear of the sheriff, mainly keeps the vast body of human society within the lines of law and order. We hold that mankind must look, not to international armies, or even to the fear of an economic boycott, but to the wholesome justice of some international tribunal, not even necessarily compulsory in its decisions, and to the consenting public opinion of the world, to settle the differences between nations, as we now generally settle them between individuals. We hold that we never really overcome evil till we "overcome it with good," namely, with a greater humanity, with patience instead of impatience, with a generous attitude instead of passion, with reasonable concessions instead of ultimatums, with sympathy instead of the ugly face and harsh voice, with persuasion instead of arrogant self-will. These higher forms of force work where nothing else works, with children, with rude street boys, in the conduct of prison and insane asylums, between employers and their workmen, and surely not less mightily do they work whenever they are tried between nations. We insist upon their use and therefore upon the needlessness and peril of the munitions of war. We hold that a generous attitude of justice and respect for others on the part of any nation is a more effectual defense than the greatest of armies and navies. In fact, Europe is proving for us that the latter mode of defense leads by the way of waste to the brink of ruin. Whereas it is not in human nature to wage war against friends. Let us then be always friends, and friends of all.

All this is good philosophy. We believe in trusting people, and expecting the best of them, here at home and over the seas, because we like to be trusted ourselves, and because we are always at our best when we are trusted and when our best is expected of us. We observe that the show of suspicion and fear breeds fear, and fear grows into hate. We do not, therefore, believe that there is a people upon the face of the earth which we in the United States may not well afford to trust, provided only we will treat its people with generosity and justice. We decline to live on terms of hate, or suspicion, or fear with any nation, and we therefore decline to prepare for war with any one. We do not believe that any nation exists today for the purpose of piracy and conquest. Nothing but the excitement of the great war permits such an exaggerated opinion of the attitude of the great sister nations of the world as to permit us to imagine that any one of them is going to endanger our liberties!

Two great necessities come now to the front in this trying time. One is healthy common sense. We need to see the perspective of things, to get the proportions, for example, the colossal losses and injustices which all the warring nations are alike committing and suffering by the very nature of the system of war, in comparison with the merely incidental loss which has fallen upon us in America; the horrors of the invasion of Belgium and Poland and China, as compared with even the tragic event of the *Lusitania*. We need to keep cool heads to see what is essential in our insistence upon Great Britain and Germany of our evident rights upon the seas. Is it the slight advantage of a little freer and safer commerce and travel for this time of war,—an advantage which we should wholly lose by fighting for it! Or rather, is it not such a new order of the world, after this war, that no people shall ever again have cause to fear the interference of armed ships on the common highways of commerce? We are only slightly interested in laws of war. We seek more, namely, the abolition of war altogether.

The second great need is to keep a good or kindly temper. Grant that it is hard just now not to be partisans; no one can perhaps be wholly neutral in sympathy, where immense differences exist as to the apportionment of the blame for the awful calamity. All the more is the need that we try harder than ever to obey the majestic practical law of our religion. This law is to keep our good will towards every one, even towards those who are doing grave wrong. We can do nothing but harm by losing our temper, and "calling down fire from heaven" to destroy men. Who knows the long complex history which has produced racial quarrels, or the crooked teachings of a half barbarous religion that has educated men both to be tyrants and to submit to tyranny in church and State? Who is so sure of his own guiltlessness of pride, egotism, greed, passion, and selfishness, as to dare to lift up his hand to throw stones at other men, or to wish to take their punishment into his own hands? Who dares to boast that our own beloved nation has always been so just and honorable in her treatment of weaker people—the Indians, or the Chinese,—as to desire that we should attempt the old heathenism of making ourselves both judges and executioners over other peoples?

On the other hand, we have a wonderful oppor-

tunity. We are the only great power so situated as to be able to help the world to a permanent and civilized peace. We cannot do this by increasing our battleships, or by premature discussion about the "enforcement of peace." We have already prepared the righteous way by our gifts of food and supplies for all the suffering peoples. We shall prepare the way further by deepening sympathy with the pains and the heroisms of the men in the armies of both sides. We shall prepare the way by consideration for the fearful circumstances of the men, however blundering, or feeble or guilty they have been, who have had to carry on the governments of their respective nations, while they and all the world have had to see this vast demonstration of the folly and anomaly of their vaunted scheme of defense by armed force! The most modest of us, young or old, will help to pave the way for the new and humane order by every quiet effort to help and serve and do the daily work and maintain the common intercourse with friends or neighbors or strangers, on the beautiful terms of justice and faith and kindliness and constant sympathy.

With very friendly wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Southwest Harbor, Me. —*Charles F. Dole.*

TO A WIFE.

We have had our little sorrows,
  We have known our little pain;
We have had our dark tomorrows,
  Had our sunshine after rain.

But the worst of all our losses,
  Loyal comrade of my heart,
We have found the little crosses
  That we tried to bear apart!

Care we jointly bore proved blessing;
  Care we each bore proved blight—
Till, with humbly frank confessing,
  Each returned to each for light;

Till we learned the law unfailing
  That controls our happiness:
Prayers and tears are unavailing
  Prayed or shed in selfishness.

Then, though bleak or blithe the weather,
  Be the landscape gray or green,
Let us cling so close together
  Not a care can creep between.

Ladies' Home Journal. *Strickland W. Gillilan.*

Half a century ago a card was found hanging on the wall of an old shoe shop in London, of which the following is a copy: "The best medicine. Two miles of oxygen three times a day. This is not only the best, but cheap and pleasant. It suits all ages and constitutions. It is patented by infinite wisdom, sealed by a signet divine. It cures cold feet, hot heads, pale faces, feeble lungs and tempers. It has often been known to reconcile enemies, settle matrimonial quarrels and bring reluctant persons to a state of double blessedness. This medicine never fails. Spurious compounds are found in large towns, but get into the country among green fields, or on the mountain top, and you have the medicine in perfection as prepared in the great laboratory of nature."

A Minister to His People

"Come! Come! Come! Let us march now!
It is the hour! Let us march into the night!"
—Nietszche, in "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

To the Members and Friends of the Church of the Messiah:

As I send to you this fresh summons to the high comradeship of spiritual endeavor, I am reminded that, for the third successive time, I am addressing you in a period of "wars and tumults." In certain ways the spectacle now before us is the same that we have beheld these many months. Today, as yesterday, we look upon lands changed into deserts by the waste of fire and sword; we gaze upon seas made terrible by floating mine and lurking submarine; we listen to winds sore-burdened with the thunder of marching legions, the clash of arms, and the death cries of trench and field. This year, as last year and the year before, we see "nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, . . . and in diverse places famines and pestilences." At this hour, as at every hour since August, 1914, we witness man equipped with the stupendous enginery of his diabolical invention, consummating of his own madness such a "dies iræ" as surpasses even the ghastly pageantry of cataclysm which clothed the ancient dream of earth's last day. In ways of outward circumstance, the world-scene changes not, save as it widens its area of misery and deepens its accumulation of horror. But in more hidden ways, where walk the dreams and visions of the soul, how great the transformation. Yesterday men saw this conflict as "the war that will end war;" today they tend to see it as the prelude to vaster struggles for dominion to which humanity is doomed. Yesterday men prophesied, from out the pangs of this world agony, a new birth of liberty and concord; today they forecast that universal chaos, political, economic, social, for which the European break-up is the perfect preparation. Yesterday men interpreted the War of the Nations as the final demonstration of the futility of force as the law of life; today they look from out their borders upon a world which is the field of ravage, and proclaim that, in such a world, there is no security except in arms. More terrible than any leveling of cities or massacre of populations, is the blasting of men's souls by this disaster. More fearful than any conquest of the sword, is the conquest of the fell idea that lifts the sword. Greater far than any loss of wealth, or treasure, or even life, is the loss of creative spiritual idealism which gives assurance of better days and happier peoples. Steadily, since first the Great War burst upon the world, the modern man has been lapsing into barbarism. Steadily the light of the soul has been going out. The hope that cheered his way two years ago, is now despair; the faith that nerved him to sublime endeavor, is now fear; the love that bound him to his fellows the world around, is now suspicion or grim hate. The night is come. The Dark Ages are returned. The word of the prophet is fulfilled again, as in an earlier and less dreadful day, "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people!"

In such a crisis of human destiny there are two things that we can do. Agreeing that all standards of good-will are foolishness and all policies of pity

a stumbling block, we may surrender, without struggle or even protest, to the awful reaction of the times. Recognizing the barbaric realities of the world, and adaptation to these realities as the condition of survival, we may adopt the maxim, not service but "safety first," seek out the paths not of righteousness but of self-interest, practice the principles not of piety but of prudence. Forgetting the laws of Sinai which were absolute, repudiating the words and examples of Jesus which knew no qualification or evasion, stilling the inward counsels of the spirit which are as the voice of God, we may accept the rule of force, defend the ways of war, and ourselves take up the sword in the name of security and honor. There will come a time, no doubt, when we may perfectly fulfill the law of love, but not today! For the present we must be content with accommodation, ready for compromise, not ashamed of evil. And in this we shall have excellent example, for the churches of the world, with rare exceptions, have been teaching us, these many months, that it is not only venial but worthy to do those things which Christ told us with precision we must not do. Says Israel Zangwill, in his recent book, "The War for the World," speaking of his country but as a type of belligerent Christendom, "If a man could be drained of his blood and yet go about with every vital function unimpaired, if a motor car could be eviscerated of its valves and cylinders and yet whiz along exactly as before, if an eagle could have its pinions amputated and yet sail aloft into the empyrean as superbly as ever, we should come to the conclusion that the blood, the machinery, the wings, played no real part in the life of the man, the car, the bird, but were mere ornamental appendages. And since, were Christianity now abolished and exiled by the Defence of the Realm Act, there would be no difference whatever visible in the functioning of the State and the prosecution of the war, can we escape a similar conclusion about the church? An anonymous printed postcard," he continues, "asking me to help stop the war 'for the sake of Jesus Christ,' is the only reminder I have personally had that I am living in a New Testament country."

Such is one road which lies before us! But not this will I travel, nor commend to others, as the way of life! If mankind has progressed, by painful steps and slow, it is because of the strong men and pure women who have declared, Thus saith the Lord, and have gladly given allegiance to this holy word. If humanity has again and again been saved from doom, it is because of the atoning sacrifice of prophets, saints and martyrs, who have preferred to die in righteousness rather than to live by compromise with sin. If the anarchy of lust and hate in which now we madly struggle for survival is ever to be transformed into the order of human brotherhood, it must be by the miracle of those who see with single eye the vision of eternal and universal love, and follow that vision to the end. Why halt our service of the Kingdom till the world seems ready for the Kingdom? For what advantage and by what prerogative do we postpone obedience to the perfect will of God? When will the time for idealism be ripe, if we do not ourselves ripen it by the glowing warmth of our devotion? Not thus did Jesus heed the easy counsels of wisdom, or follow the broad avenues of expediency. "The Master knew full well," says John Fiske, in his "The Destiny of Man," "that the time was not yet ripe. But he preached, nevertheless, the gospel which is by and by to be realized by toiling humanity, and he announced ethical principles fit for the time that is coming." And as with him, so also, I must believe, with minister and people who have freely accepted the precepts of his religion and entered the circle of his discipleship! Others may amend God's laws, but we "cannot go beyond the word of the Lord, our God, to do less or more." It is for us to be "not disobedient to the heavenly vision," to preach the gospel without qualification or apology, to make the whole word to be flesh. Fidelity such as this will be difficult. Conformity not to the whims of men but to the will of God has ever been rewarded with contumely, hatred, persecution, death. But in what age, I ask you, has the life of pure religion been easy? By what teacher have the servants of God been instructed to escape the cross and avoid the shame? If Christ were here upon the earth this day, who can question whether he would be leading embattled hosts to victory, or facing Cæsar once again on Calvary? Recall, if you will, the sacred legend of Peter and the sword of Nero. Fleeing amid the darkness of night, that, in accordance with age-old precepts of expediency, he might live and serve another day, the frightened disciple was astonished to meet upon the way the risen Christ, with face set steadfastly toward the Eternal City. "Whither goest thou, Master?" cried Peter, in alarm. "To Rome," answered the voice of the ghostly Nazarene, "to be crucified again!"

It is in this spirit of sacrifice and to this end of uncompromising service, that I call to you, my beloved friends and comrades. These are the times that try men's souls. Testing as if by fire has come. "It is the hour." What we are, and how we care, must now be known of all. For myself, I have but the one prayer, that we, the minister and people together of the Church of the Messiah, will be found not wanting in witness to the word of truth and in obedience to the law of love. Therefore do I cry, "Come! Come! Come! . . Let us march into the night!" Terrible is the darkness that enshrouds the fate of men. But I am persuaded that God reigns; and I know that all the ages of his mercy prove that he fails not those who put their trust in him.

With faith in the right as God gives us to see the right, with hope for the speedy coming of the promised day, with love for you who bless me with your friendship and sustain me with your goodwill, I remain as always,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.
Sept. 15, 1916.

I think the best way of doing good to the poor is not making them easy *in* poverty, but leading or driving them *out* of it. *Benjamin Franklin.*

Every right and natural responsibility of which you relieve a man, taking it on yourself, makes him less able to bear those responsibilities that nothing can relieve him of. *Jean Ingelow.*

A Great Pacifist

A recent visit to Marshfield, Mass., has renewed my interest in American history. Here is where Edward Winslow and others of the Pilgrim band came soon after the landing at Plymouth, in search of wider and greener pastures for their herds. It was here on his Marshfield farm near the sea that Gov. Winslow brought his three cattle, two heifers and a bull, the first in America. In another part of the town is pointed out the Peregene White homestead. He was the first white child born in America. His cradle is in the museum down at Plymouth, but his farm is here in Marshfield. But the most distinguished citizen of this old town, distinguished not by any accident of birth or chronology, but for what he was in himself and for his unexcelled service to the nation, was Daniel Webster. For twenty years he was a citizen of Marshfield, the last twenty years of his life. The sixty-fourth anniversary of his death occurs October 24th. That seems a long while ago; and it is.

But one of the pleasant experiences of my visit was to meet people who remembered Mr. Webster. One of these was Charles Peterson, who worked for Mr. Webster many years, and of course knew him intimately. Mr. Peterson's recollections do not bear out what has been widely circulated as to the gross immorality of Mr. Webster's personal habits. Mr. Peterson said he never heard Webster speak a profane or vulgar word, never saw him use tobacco in any form and never saw him drunk. Mr. Peterson's father was Mr. Webster's favorite boatman and the son had a good chance to see and know.

Mr. Webster, however, was not a total abstainer. It would have been better for him and his posterity if he had been. To hear this man who knew Webster speak of him almost with reverence, never forgetting to say "Mr.," shows he was well liked by those who knew him best. Mr. Peterson's witness in regard to Mr. Webster's moral character accords with that given by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who knew him and whose father knew him for many years in public and private life. This is the view of one of his latest biographers, Mr. S. G. Fisher, in his book, "The True Daniel Webster," a volume which I have just read with much interest and illumination. This somewhat careful reading leads me to think of Webster not so much as "The Great Expounder of the Constitution," or as the great debater, lawyer or orator, as the great statesman who through a long career of service in the United States Senate, and as the dominant member of two cabinets, stood like a rock of Gibraltar against war. It is the opinion of well informed historians that to Webster, more than to any other man, is due the fact that the dispute between this country and Great Britain over the northeast boundary, which had dragged along for many years and seemed to be ever becoming more acute, was settled honorably without resort to arms. Of course he was denounced by the Jingoists of his time for yielding so many concessions to Great Britain. But he yielded nothing that was very important, and he held what was of vastly greater value, friendship with the mother country. It took a good deal more courage to stand for the cultivation of friendliness with England then than it does now. Webster was one of the pioneers in that movement of amity, which today we trust has become a fixed habit of mind between the two nations, or should we not rather say between the two peoples. Then, too, it is said by competent judges that he was the cause of postponing the Civil War. That postponement of ten years should be reckoned to his credit when it is remembered how ill prepared the North was at the earlier period. Had that war broken out ten years earlier the probability is the South, and all that it meant of disunion and slavery, would have triumphed. The seventh of March speech which brought upon him an avalanche of condemnation does not seem so utterly bad today. It seems like a magnificent plea for peace, not at any price, but at a fair and honorable price. It is interesting to read in Mr. Fisher's book a statement on the authority of one who was intimate with the poet Whittier in his later years, that he expressed himself as saying in the light of subsequent events "that probably Mr. Webster was right." When he branded Webster as "Ichabod" in lines that fairly sizzled and smelled sulphurous, he had not that larger enlightenment which the years bring. But Webster had not to wait for the vision; it was his by sheer height of intellect and balanced judgment. But he has had to wait for posterity to give him commensurate appreciation. In the matter of settling grave national disputes without resort to arms, Daniel Webster would not be so lonesome today. But he would still be a leader battling heroically for peace.

N. S. HOAGLAND.

Concord Junction, Mass., Oct. 9, 1916.

I HEAR THE WOODLANDS CALLING.

I hear the woodlands calling, and their red is like the blare
Of trumpets in the air,
Where rebel Autumn plants her tents and crowns her gypsy hair.
I hear her beauty calling glad, with crimson and with gold,
As oft it called of old;
And I must forth and greet her there and clasp her close and hold.
As yesterday, again today, my heart will run to hear
The gypsy wanderer,
Through scarlet of the berry-pod and purple of the burr.
The vines that vision forth her cheeks shall tell me where she lies,
Soft gazing at the skies;
And I will steal upon her dreams and look into her eyes.
The sumach that repeats her lips shall tell me where she smiles,
Who still my heart beguiles,
And I will speak her face to face and lounge with her for miles.
A riot and a tangle there, a blur of gold and gray;
She surely went this way—
Or, so it seems the maples cry, the cloudy asters say.
Oh, I must up and strike the trail, that often I have gone,
At sunset and at dawn,
Where all the beauty of the world puts all her splendor on.
I hear her bugles on the hills; I see her banners blowing,
And all her campfires glowing,—
The campfires of her dreams,—and I—I must be up and going.

—*Madison Cawein.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

The appearance on the platform of the Auditorium at Lincoln Centre of Dr., David Starr Jordan on Sunday evening, October 15 was a signal for the hearty welcome which always awaits him in that place. The subject of his address "Is War Eternal?" and the nation-wide knowledge that he would treat it from the standpoint of the peacemaker, did not perhaps, make for popularity, but in Chicago, at least, Professor Jordan's personality and standing as a speaker are such as to draw a crowd, no matter what his subject, so a splendidly large and wide-awake audience enjoyed his unique and convincing handling of a big, difficult but pre-eminently vital problem.

Perhaps of not less potency than the speaker's words was the splendid musical effect of this fine congregation as it sang with whole souled and whole-voiced ardor

"America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with Brotherhood
From sea to shining sea."

Miss Jennie Johnson, in her fine rendering of a song of war, struck the keynote of pathos and of despair which dominates this whole terrible subject as she sang:

"And what of the woman in the door,
And the blown grape on the vine?

* * * *

What of the grain in the fallow field,
When the husbandman is gone?'

A. L. K.

LINCOLN CENTRE FELLOWSHIP

The Lincoln Centre Fellowship Club opened the season of 1916-1917 at a dinner served to some sixty or seventy members and friends at the Centre October 11th. The arrangements for the evening's entertainment were in the capable hands of the twin presidents, Rev. Lewis B. Fisher and Mrs. C. E. Nagely and the occasion furnished a sort of free-for-all opportunity for the politicians to get in their innings. Election responsibilities are imminent and four speakers gave the assembled company pointers concerning candidates, issues, principles and platforms, not neglecting the foremost duty of campaign orators in the matter of criticism. Of course no mud-slinging was indulged in, but the political short-comings of candidates of "the other party" were touched upon seriously or with gentle sarcasm, while the favored sons of the various camps were referred to with due appreciation of their numerous virtues and capabilities.

Mr. Edward Blake spoke with great earnestness and sincerity for the Prohibition Party and won a sympathetic hearing as he traced the history of this indomitable group of men who, though never experiencing or even expecting to experience victory, keep cheerfully on with the fight as though there were no such word as failure.

The Socialist Party was ably and very cleverly represented and its steady advance vouched for by Mr. Seymour Stedman, candidate for the governership of Illinois.

The grand old Republican principles were upheld by Mr. DeYoung and his hearers urged to help save the country from a continuance of the present Democratic inefficiency.

Mr. Thomas J. Webb is seeking reelection as a member of the Board of Review of the City of Chicago, the body which has the final word on the important subject of taxes. Mr. Webb made it very clear that the Constitutional Amendment necessary to revise our present taxing system is one of the most important things upon which the citizens of Chicago will be called to vote next month, particularly as it will require an affirmative majority of all the votes cast in order to carry. The personnel of this board, which carries enormous power, is also of extreme importance.

There was no time for the general discussion which usually follows the speeches of the evening at these meetings, but Jenkin Lloyd Jones was asked to close the program and he did so briefly, declaring the futility of parties and party lines, and that the sole hope of nation, state or city is in the noble army of scratchers, the independent voters of the country.

What did you get out of it all? asked somebody on the way to the elevator. Well, perhaps not much that the speakers were trying to "put over" to their audience. The scope of the discussions was too broad for one evening, reaching all the way from the largest national questions to the nearest neighborhood problems. Somehow, as is liable to happen at Lincoln Centre, the strongest impression left on their listeners was not of the clear distinctions claimed to exist between parties and candidates, but of the hopeful agreements of all parties on certain vital

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points among which we note only three. First, the urgency of the Constitutional Amendment allowing the passage of a more just and reasonable taxing system. Second, the unanimous verdict that all the candidates for national honors, at least, are men of high business and moral standards, American gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and third, the anxious energy with which all parties are scrambling to secure good seats in the Woman's Suffrage Band-wagon.

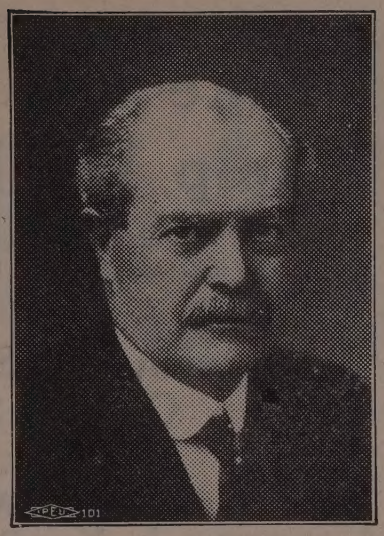
A. L. K.

SAVING CLAUSES IN RECENT CONGRESSIONAL ENACTMENTS.

Paragraphs from the Navy Bill.

"It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to adjust and settle its international disputes through mediation or arbitration, to the end that war may be honorably avoided. It looks with apprehension and disfavor upon a general increase of armament throughout the world, but it realizes that no single nation can disarm, and that without a common agreement upon the subject every considerable power must maintain a relative standing in military strength.

"In view of the premises, the President is authorized and requested to invite, at an appropriate time, not later than the close of the war in Europe, all the great governments of the world to send representatives to a conference, which shall be charged with the duty of formulating a plan for a court of arbitration or other tribunal, to which disputed questions between nations shall be referred for adjudication and peaceful settlement, and to consider the question of disarmament, and submit their recommendation to their respective governments for approval. The President is hereby authorized to appoint nine citizens of the United States, who, in his judgment, shall be qualified for the mission by eminence in the law and by devotion to the cause of peace, to be representatives of the United States in such a conference. The President shall fix the compensation of said representatives, and such secretaries and other employes as may be needed. Two hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary is hereby appropriated and set aside and placed at the disposal of the President to carry into effect the provisions of this paragraph.



Governor Dunne, in addressing a large audience at Carthage, again criticized Colonel Lowden's attitude on the Waterway. Governor Dunne said in part:

"Col. Lowden's silence on one very important issue in this campaign is more than strange; in view of his connections and the character of his support, it is sinister. I refer to the waterway from the lakes to the gulf.

When I read the republican platform and observed the omission of a waterway plank, I was astonished. The republicans in the state legislature, I recalled, had supported the waterway. Senator Sherman has been one of its most ardent advocates. The republican convention of 1914 strongly endorsed it. Why was the Peoria convention silent?

There is only one explanation possible; the candidate for governor must have insisted upon striking this plank out. The party was so strongly on record before, that only Mr. Lowden himself, by taking an obstinate stand, could have obtained such a complete reversal.

Why did Mr. Lowden do this? He has declined to answer. We must find the answer ourselves. To anyone who is familiar with the selfish, soulless, visionless viewpoint of a certain class of men who control great corporations, an answer immediately suggests itself. Waterways always reduce railway rates; the railroads are against the Illinois waterway. But can it be possible that a nominee of a great party for governor, seriously presented as the trustee for all the people of this state for the next four years, is opposed to a great public improvement which is vital to the prosperity and progress of this region, because it might hurt the profits of the railroads?

Unfortunately, no other conclusion is possible. Mr. Lowden's financial interests, his associates in this campaign and the character of that campaign leave no other explanation to be made.

I do not regard the deep waterway proposition as exclusively a democratic measure. I am not so prejudiced as to claim all the credit for it. It concerns the interests of all the people of the state. The bill providing for it was passed by a republican legislature. I am glad to say that it has had the endorsement of the great newspapers of the state, regardless of their political affiliations. The Association of Commerce, Commercial Clubs, Boards of Trade, organizations of business men, all regardless of politics, have favored this plan.

I put it before you, not as a party measure but as a great and important project that means millions of dollars saved to the people of the state after it is in operation. It is discussed as an issue in this campaign because Col. Lowden not only refuses to endorse it but refuses to even tell where he stands; the only conclusion of course being left is that he is against it. The deliberate action of the Republican State Convention in avoiding any reference to this matter in their platform also makes it a party issue. I appeal for the support of this measure to the great independent and business interests of the state because it is of vital interest to their welfare. It is a measure that was lifted out of party politics entirely until the republicans made it an issue by refusing to discuss it in their present platform. The one positive conclusion is that if Mr. Lowden is elected Governor, there will be no waterway.

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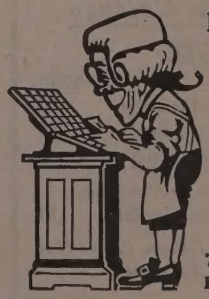

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All for the crime of being Christians, for holding fast to their Christian faith, 750,000 out of 2,000,000 Armenians have actually perished. Burned, starved, murdered, tortured to death. A Christian persecution without precedent. One million, saved from threatened extermination, are now suffering from dire want of food and clothing and other necessities of life. If you could see them—little children, women and patriarchal men, with hunger and the black memories of tortured loved ones in their eyes, you would say that twice

Five Million Dollars Are Needed

Henry Morgenthau, former Ambassador to Turkey, says this sum must be given at once to relieve immediate necessities. American relief has so far been pitifully small. We *must* do more. To *you*, to all the Christian people of America, to the pastors and Sunday school superintendents this cry for help is directed. Every pastor should preach upon conditions in Armenia and Syria and every church in the country should plan *now* for a

Special Collection October 22

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"Whoso Hath the World's Goods, and Beholdeth His Brother in Need, and Shutteth Up His Compassion From Him, How Doth the Love of God abide in Him?"